

# L'ALLEGRO,

ED

## IL PENSERO.

By M I L T O N.



And a Song for St. *CECILIA*'s Day.

By D R Y D E N.

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Set to Musick by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

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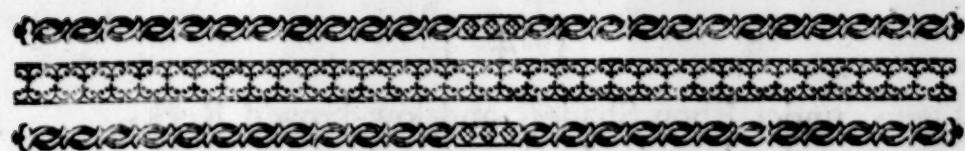
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[ Price One Shilling. ]





# L' ALLEGRO,

ED

## IL PENSE RO SO.

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P A R T *the* F I R S T.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE ! loathed Melancholy,  
Of *Cerberus*, and blackest Midnight born,  
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid Shapes, and Shrieks, and Sights unholy !  
Find out some uncouth Cell,  
Where brooding Darknes spreads his jealous Wings,  
And the Night-Raven sings :

A 2

There,

There, under Ebon Shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,  
 As ragged as thy Locks,  
 In dark *Cimmerian* Desert ever dwell.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

*Il Pen.* Hence ! vain deluding Joys,  
 Dwell in some idle Brain,  
 And Fancies fond with gaudy Shapes posses,  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay Motes that People the Sun-beams ;  
 Or likest hovering Dreams,  
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus*' Train.

## A I R.

*L'All.* *Come, thou Goddess, fair and free,*  
*In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne ;*  
*And by Men Heart-easing Mirth,*  
*Whom lovely Venus at a Birth,*  
*With two Sister-Graces more,*  
*To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.*

## A I R.

*Il Pen.* *Come rather, Goddess, sage and holy ;*  
*Hail, divinest Melancholy !*  
*Whose Saintly Visage is too bright*  
*To hit the Sense of Human Sight ;*  
*Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of Yore,*  
*To solitary Saturn bore.*

## A I R.

## A I R.

L'All. *Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity ;  
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's Cheek,  
And love to live in Dimple sleek ;  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides ;  
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.*

## C H O R U S.

*Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,  
Jest, and youthful Jollity ;  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides ;  
And Laughter, holding both his Sides.*

## A I R.

*Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastick Toe.*

## C H O R U S.

*Come, and trip it as you go,  
On the light fantastick Toe.*

## R E C I T A T I V E, accompany'd.

*Il Pen. Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure ;  
All in a Robe of darkest Grain  
Flowing with majestick Train.*

## A I R.

[ 6 ]

A I R.

*Come, but keep thy wonted State  
With even Step, and musing Gaite;  
And Looks commerçing with the Skies,  
Thy rapt Soul fitting in thine Eyes.*

C H O R U S.

*Join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft' with Gods doth diet.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*L'All.* Hence loathed Melancholy!  
In dark Cimmerian Desert ever dwell.  
But haste thee, *Mirth*, and bring with thee  
The Mountain Nymph, sweet *Liberty*.  
And if I give thee Honour due,  
*Mirth*, admit me of thy Crew.

A I R.

*Mirth, admit me of thy Crew,  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreproved Pleasures free :  
To hear the Lark begin his Flight,  
And singing startle the dull Night :  
Then to come in spite of Sorrow,  
And at my Window bid Good-morrow.*

R E C I -

## RECITATIVE.

*Il Pen.* First, and chief, on golden Wing,  
 The Cherub *Contemplation* bring ;  
 And the mute *Silence* hift along,  
 'Les *Philomel* will deign a Song ;  
 In her sweetest, saddest Plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged Brow of Night.

## A I R.

*Sweet Bird, that shun'st the Noise of Folly,*  
*Most musical, most melancholy !*  
*Thee, Chauntress, oft the Woods among,*  
*I woo, to hear thy Even-Song.*

## RECITATIVE.

*L'All.* If I give thee Honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.

## A I R.

Mirth, *admit me of thy Crew,*  
*To listen how the Hounds and Horn*  
*Clearly rouze the slumb'ring Morn,*  
*From the Side of some hoar Hill,*  
*Thro' the high Wood echoing shrill.*

## A I R.

## A I R.

Il Pen. *Oft' on a Plat of rising Ground  
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,  
Over some wide-water'd Shore,  
Swinging slow, with sullen Roar :  
Or if the Air will not permit,  
Some still removed Place will fit,  
Where glowing Embers, through the Room,  
Teach Light to counterfeit a Gloom.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

L'All. *If I give thee Honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.*

## A I R.

*Let me wander, not unseen  
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,  
There the Ploughman near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land ;  
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe ;  
And the Mower whets his Scythe ;  
And every Shepherd tells his Tale  
Under the Hawthorn, in the Dale.*

## A I R.

## A I R.

*Or let the merry Bells ring round,  
And the jocund Rebecks sound  
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,  
Dancing in the checker'd Shade.*

## C H O R U S.

*And Young and Old come forth to play,  
On a Sunshine Holiday,  
'Till the live-long Day-light fail.  
Thus pass'd the Day, to bed they creep,  
By whisp'ring Winds soon lull'd asleep.*

The End of the First Part.



## P A R T *the* S E C O N D.

---

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

I L P E N S E R O S O.

**H**ENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
The Brood of Folly, without Father bred ;  
How little you bested,  
Or fill the fixed Mind with all your Toys !  
O ! let my Lamp, at midnight Hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely Tow'r,  
Where I may oft' outwatch the *Bear*  
With thrice-great *Hermes*, or unsphere  
The Spirit of *Plato*, to unfold  
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold  
Th' immortal Mind, that hath forsook  
Her Mansion in this fleshly Nook.

A I R.

*But O ! sad Virgin, that thy Power ;  
Might raise Musæus from his Bower ;  
Or bid the Soul of Orpheus sing  
Such Notes, as, warbled to the String,  
Drew Iron Tears down Pluto's Cheek,  
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.*

R E C I -

## RECITATIVE.

Thus, *Night*, oft' see me in thy pale Career,  
 'Till unwelcome Morn appear.

## A I R.

L'All. *Populous Cities please me then,*  
*And the busy Hum of Men.*

## CHORUS.

*Populous Cities please us then,*  
*And the busy Hum of Men;*  
*Where Throngs of Knights, and Barons bold,*  
*In Weeds of Peace high Triumphs hold;*  
*With store of Ladies, whose bright Eyes*  
*Rain Influence, and judge the Prize*  
*Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend*  
*To win her Grace, whom all commend.*

## A I R.

*There let Hymen oft' appear*  
*In Saff'ron Robe, with Taper clear,*  
*And Pomp, and Feast, and Revelry,*  
*With Masque, and antique Pageantry;*  
*Such Sights as youthful Poets dream*  
*On Summer-Eves, by haunted Stream.*

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

*Il Pen.* Me, when the Sun begins to fling  
 His flaring Beams, me, Goddess, bring  
 To arched Walks of twilight Groves,  
 And Shadows brown, that *Sylvan* loves :  
 There, in close Covert, by some Brook,  
 Where no profaner Eye may look.

## A I R.

*Hide me from Day's garish Eye,*  
*While the Bee, with honey'd Thigh,*  
*Which at her flow'ry Work doth sing,*  
*And the Waters murmuring,*  
*With such Concert as they keep*  
*Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep :*  
*And let some strange mysterious Dream*  
*Wave at his Wings, in airy Stream*  
*Of lively Portraiture display'd,*  
*Softly on my Eyelids laid.*  
*Then, as I wake, sweet Musick breathe*  
*Above, about, or underneath,*  
*Sent by some Spirit to Mortal's Good,*  
*Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.*

## A I R.

L'All. *I'll to the well-trod Stage anon,*  
*If Johnson's learned Sock be on ;*  
*Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's Child,*  
*Warble his native Wood-notes wild.*

## A I R.

## A I R.

*And ever against eating Cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian Airs :  
Sooth me with immortal Verse,  
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce  
In Notes, with many a winding Bout  
Of linked Sweetness long drawn out ;  
With wanton Heed, and giddy Cunning,  
The melting Voice through Mazes running,  
Untwisting all the Chains that tie  
The hidden Soul of Harmony.*

## A I R.

*These Delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with Thee I mean to live.*

## C H O R U S.

*These Delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with Thee we mean to live.*

## R E C I T A T I V E?

*Il Pen. But let my due Feet never fail  
To walk the studious Cloyster's Pale ;  
And love the high embowed Roof,  
With antique Pillar's massy Proof ;  
And story'd Windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious Light.*

## C H O R U S.

[ 14 ]

CHORUS.

*There let the pealing Organ blow  
To the full-voic'd Choir below,  
In Service high, and Anthem clear;*

S O L O.

*And let their Sweetness through mine Ear,  
Dissolve me into Extasies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine Eyes.*

A I R.

*These Pleasures Melancholy give,  
And I with Thee will choose to live.*

CHORUS.

*These Pleasures Melancholy give,  
And we with Thee will choose to live.*

A



A S O N G.

F O R

St. CECILIA's DAY.

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

**F**ROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,  
This Universal Frame began.  
When Nature underneath a heap  
    Of jarring Atoms lay,  
    And cou'd not heave her Head,  
The tuneful Voice was heard from high,  
    Arise ye more than dead.  
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
In order to their Stations leap,  
    And MUSICK's Power obey.

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

*From Harmony, from heav'ly Harmony,  
This Universal Frame began :  
From Harmony to Harmony  
Through all the Compass of the Notes it ran,  
The Diapason closing full in Man.*

## A I R 1.

*What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell!  
When Jubal struck the corded Shell,  
His list'ning Brethren stood around  
And wond'ring, on their Faces fell  
To worship that Celestial Sound.  
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
Within the Hollow of that Shell,  
That spoke so sweetly, and so well.  
What Passion cannot MUSICK raise and quell!*

## A I R 2.

*The TRUMPET's loud Clangor  
Excites us to Arms  
With shrill Notes of Anger,  
And mortal Alarms,  
The double, double, double Beat  
Of the thund'ring DRUM  
Cries, Hark! the Foes come ;  
Charge, Charge, 'tis too late to retreat.*

## A I R.

## A I R 3.

*The soft complaining FLUTE  
In dying Notes discovers  
The Woes of hopeless Lovers,  
Whose Dirge is whisper'd by the warbling LUTE.*

## A I R 4.

*Sharp VIOLINS proclaim  
Their jealous Pangs, and Desperation,  
Fury, frantick Indignation,  
Depth of Pains, and height of Passion,  
For the fair, disdainful Dame.*

## A I R 5.

*But, oh ! what Art can teach,  
What human Voice can reach  
The sacred O R G A N's Praise ?  
Notes inspiring holy Love,  
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways  
To join the Choirs above.*

## A I R 6.

*Orpheus could lead the Savage Race :  
And Trees, unrooted, left their Place ;  
Sequacious of the Lyre :*

RECITATIVE, *accompany'd.*

But bright *CECILIA* rais'd the Wonder high'r ;  
 When to her *ORGAN*, Vocal Breath was giv'n,  
 An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,  
 Mistaking Earth for Heav'n.

GRAND CHORUS.

*As from the Pow'r of Sacred Lays*  
*The Spheres began to move,*  
*And sung the great Creator's Praise*  
*To all the Bleſſ'd above ;*  
*So when the last and dreadful Hour*  
*This crumbling Pageant ſhall devour,*  
*The TRUMPET ſhall be heard on high,*  
*The Dead ſhall live, the Living die,*  
*And MUSICK ſhall untune the Sky.*

F I N I S.



